No. 32. PAGE 125

THE HIVE.

" BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,——HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1804.

NOVELIST.

HISTORY OF MARIA ARNOLD.

[Continued from Page 121.

ABOUT a twelvemonth after your honor left us, 'Squire Stafford's lady of H—t—n hall died, and the young Miss being melancholy for want of company, Miss Maria went to stay there some time : they were fast friends, your honor, and very fond of each other. Now, Mr. Henry, the young 'Squire, who came from college on his mother's death, and who, to say the truth, is the handsomest and best natured gentleman I ever set my eyes on, what should he do, your honor, but fall in love with Miss Maria, and wanted to marry her : but the old gentleman, who, I hear, never had a good word in the country, and who, God forgive me! I believe is no better than he should be, fell into a violent passion, and stamped and raved like a madman, and made Mr. Henry promise not to think any more about it. So all remained quiet for a while. But Miss Maria was not forgot, your honor ; whilst she was upon a second visit at the 'Squire's, about four months ago, Mr. Henry tried to carry her off ; but the servants were too nimble for them, and they were brought back again, and then your honor, there were sad doings indeed! Miss Maria fell into fits ; and Mr. Henry, after having had a terrible quarrel with his father, was sent to Dover the next morning, in order to embark for France. A very short time, your honor, after Mr. Henry had been gone, poor Miss Maria was discovered to be with child, and the 'Squire, in spite of all the tears and entreaties of his daughter, actually turned Miss Maria out of doors ; nor would he let her have the chaise, but locking up Miss Stafford, obliged her to walk home by herself, and your honor knows it is ten long miles. All this, your honor, was done in such a hurry that nobody knew of it here : and one moonshine evening, as we were dancing on the green before the parsonage house, for it was always our custom, as your honor knows, a young woman, very neatly dressed, appeared at one end of the village ; she was faint and weary, and setting herself down, began to cry. We all left off dancing, and went to see what was the matter : but, alas! your honor, who should it be but poor Miss Maria!—Oh I shall never forget it the longest day I have to live! Her hands were clasped together, and her eyes were turned towards heaven : she looked like an angel, your honor! None of us could speak to her, but we all wept ; then she gave a great sigh and fell to the ground--But, alack a day! whilst we were endeavoring to bring Miss Maria to life again, somebody told Mr. Arnold——he came running breathless and almost distracted to the place, and taking his daughter in his arms, he looked upon her in such a manner, your honor, and then upon us, and then towards heaven, that it almost broke our hearts ; for he could not speak, your honor, his heart was so full ; but just at this moment Miss Maria opened her eyes, and seeing her father, she shrieked, and fell into strong fits. He started, and snatching her hastily up, ran towards the parsonage, and here, your honor, the fits continuing, she miscarried.——As for poor Mr. Arnold, he was quite overcome, and he wept, and took it so sorely, that we thought he would never have got the better of it.—"Oh my Maria," he said, "you have killed your poor father, you have bowed him with sorrow to the grave," and then knelt down by the bed-side. "Forsake me not, my God," he cried, "in my old age, when I am grey headed ; forsake me not when my strength faileth me." He then got up to comfort Miss Maria, but she would not be comforted, your honor, and kept crying, her dear father would not forgive her ; but he said he would, and kissed her, and then she wept a great deal, and was quiet. All the village, by this time, had got round the parsonage, and there was not a single soul, your honor, but what was in tears. We all put up our prayers for her ; but they would not do, she never got the better of it, your honor, she every day grew worse, and would sometimes call upon Mr. Henry, and complain of the cruelty of his father, and then she would fall down upon her knees and ask forgiveness of poor Mr. Arnold, who was almost distracted at the sight : but it is all over, your honor, she is now happy, and may heaven reward her as she deserves.

What my sensations were, sir, during this recital, I must leave you to judge, I can only say that I felt myself so overpowered by the sudden and shocking piece of information, that void of strength, I sunk into a chair, faint and unable to express the agony of my mind. The rapturous ideas of happiness with which I had heated my imagination, were now no more ; in their place, the image of my worthy Arnold stretched on the body of his Maria, of that Maria, whose innocence and simplicity were so dear to me. Oh, sir, even now my soul shudders at the recollection of that dreadful moment. Accursed be the wretch that brought thee low, thou gentlest of the forms of virtue! May anguish torture his corrupted heart! Little wert thou able to contend with misery such as this, with the pang of disappointed love, and the brutal violence of unfeeling passion, for thou wert mild as

> ---------- Patience, "who,"
> Her meek hands folded on her modest breast,
> In mute submission lifts th' adoring eye
> Even to the storm that wrecks her. MASON.

When the poignancy of grief had abated, I mingled my tears with the honest farmer's, whose sensibility of heart, the genuine effusion of pity and affection, had strongly impressed me in his favor. I spent the night under his roof, and in the morning bidding him a melancholy farewell, I mounted my horse and rode on to Ruysd—le, with an intention of seeing my melancholy friend, and of being present at the awful ceremony : for in the state of mind I was then in, it was a pensive luxury I would not have foregone on any consideration.

[*TO BE CONTINUED.*]

MAXIM.——Such is the condition of life, that something is always wanting to happiness. In youth we have warm hopes, which are soon blasted by rashness and negligence, and great designs, which are defeated by inexperience. In age we have knowledge and prudence, without spirit to exert, or motives to prompt them : we are able to plan schemes and regulate measures, but have not time remaining to bring them to completion.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR THE HIVE.

TO the instructers of youth, in our schools and academies, is entrusted a treasure more valuable than the mines of Peru or Indostan. They are placed in a situation very interesting to the welfare of society:—Insomuch, that it may, with truth, be said, their general conduct and character have considerable influence in fixing the character of a nation. For, they are not only the *instructers*, but the *guides* of the rising generation;—and their business is to mould the pliable and yielding clay of human nature into comely and useful vessels: So that, in *their* hands is placed, in a great measure, the rising hope of our country.

Besides the indispensable pre-requisites of capacity and *information* necessary to the accomplishment of so arduous an undertaking, it is equally necessary that their character should be moral, amiable, and respectable. The practice, so prevalent, of employing drunkards and the refuse of mankind, as instructers of schools, (provided they can "*cypher clear through*," as the saying is, and write a "*nice*" hand; no matter as to the orthography, for we can understand it whether it be correct or not) is ruinous and detestable beyond the power of language to express. A rational husbandman would never set an *owl* to tend his chickens, nor a *wolf* to guard his lambs; though it would be infinitely less absurd than to commit children to the care of vicious and worthless characters. Children are imitative creatures, and they naturally catch the dialect, tones, manners, and habits of others; but especially of their instructers. Moroseness, rage, and revenge, together with every kind of vulgarity or oddity in dialect or manners, are easily and quickly communicated from the tutor to the pupil; or even if they should be indisposed to imitate their preceptor, by reason that they conceive a contempt for his person, the manifold evils of *insubordination* would be the natural consequence; and the school would become worse than useless.

To the disgrace of the parents—to the ruin of the children—and the irreparable injury of the commonwealth; there is, in many places, an apparent disposition to put up, as it were, at *auction* the all-important business of teaching schools, and to strike it off to the *lowest* bidder.—Parents, in such instances, manifest less regard for their offspring than for their cattle. A fine young horse that they would wish to train, or break, for the saddle, they would by no means commit to the care of a bungler, who would accustom him to awkward attitude and gait, or teach him to be tricky——Oh, la no! for the purpose of training such a colt, they would readily be at the expence of hiring an expert horseman;—yet, shameful as it is to relate, they are led by blind avarice to employ some *ignoramus*, or outcast of society, to educate their children, (provided, nevertheless, according to the order of the day in both public and private life, he work "*cheap*") and they justly reap what they sow.

An intemperate or an over-passionate person, or any one who does not govern himself, must certainly be unfit to govern children.—Much depends on the prudent management of schools; and order in them is a fundamental requisite. If order was preserved in families, it would be easily maintained in schools; and if the children, generally, were accustomed to order, both under the domestic roof and in the school, very few of them, in their riper years, would become disorderly members of society. And the public prisons, which stand in every country town as monuments of everlasting disgrace to civilization, would become less necessary.

It greatly behoves teachers, to whose care children are entrusted, to hold an even hand towards *all*, without partiality or favor to any, arising from the rank, wealth, or circumstances of the parentage. An impartial government of schools, while it produces and cherishes general good will, affords a very powerful incentive to general industry. The pupils, under the assurance that they will be noticed and rewarded according to their respective merits, will be emulous to excel.—Whereas, on the contrary, favoritism or partiality, besides begetting hatred and jealousy, as well towards the tutor as among themselves, has a never-failing tendency to quench the sparks of emulation, and to relax the sinews of industry. The favorite becomes remiss from a confidence of winning the prize without being foremost in the race;—and the others, finding that merit goes unrewarded, become discouraged. It has ever been justly remarked, that whenever favoritism is practised in a school, in a family, or in a government, the consequences are always pernicious, as bringing into action all the discordant passions of the human heart.

An affectionate attachment to children is a mark of a virtuous sensibility of heart, and forms a necessary trait in the character of a good instructer. If he possesses a taste for contemplating the simple scenes of childhood—the gradual expansion of the human mind—and, at the same time, feels a lively interest for the general welfare of society—he cannot fail, if he possesses competent learning. But no degree of learning can compensate for a calousness of heart, and a moroseness of temper.

In every considerable school the general laws by which it is governed, should be printed and pasted up in the school-room for the information of the scholars; and it would be well to annex to each rule the penalty that would be incurred in case of *wilful* transgression. But, at the same time, the law that should be chiefly used and enforced, in schools, is "*the law of kindness.*" The obstinate and unruly, who cannot be won by fair means, must be reduced to order by correction; but the tutor's principal endeavor, in governing his school, should be to act with such a becoming dignity and firmness as to obtain the cordial respect and affection of the pupils, which would enable him to draw them, as it were, with "*the cords of love.*" He should assiduously ply the more ingenuous principles and passions of human nature, and, by all possible means, should endeavor to awaken, in his scholars, a lively ambition to excel in learning, in a decent behaviour, and in every thing that is lovely and virtuous.

It is of no small importance for *parents* to take a more general and visible interest, than they now do, in the schools which they support, by the employment of such persons, to instruct their children, to whom they can manifest such a degree of respect, as will tend to render them respectable in the view of the children;—and, also, by visiting the schools, at stated periods, and witnessing the progress of the students, which would operate as a powerful spur to industry and emulation.

When a liberal zeal to promote useful education shall pervade the nation—when the hand of parsimony and avarice shall be unclenched—when decent school-houses shall be erected, as far as may be practicable, at convenient distances from each other, over the whole nation, and shall be occupied by capable and worthy instructers;——I say, when such a national *re-generation* shall happen, there will be every thing to hope, and but little to fear, with respect to the permanancy of our privileges, and the general welfare and prosperity of our country.

SENECA.

—

COMMUNICATED FOR THE HIVE.

Fredericksburg, Dec. 30.

WITH regret we communicate to the public, an event the most distressing in its nature, and fatal in its consequences of any within the compass of our recollection.

On Monday last, Mr. William Thornton and Mr. Francis Corway, met in consequence of a previous misunderstanding, in the neighborhood of this town, and sorry are we to announce, that the event proved fatal to both parties.

In the same hour, on Thursday last, they both departed this life.

By their untimely fate two weeping mothers are left to deplore the loss of two dutiful sons, their children affectionate brothers, and society two most promising citizens.—The surviving relations are in a situation easier to be imagined than described.

We sincerely regret the frequency of a custom so prevalent in our country, and

ope the melancholy catastrophe, here related, will prevent others from endangering their own lives, or imbittering those of their surviving relations.

—

THOUGHTS ON DUELLING.

None yet so wild whom reason could not guide,
If he'd but let his rage awhile subside.

IT is really surprising that any gentleman should so far indulge that false notion of honor, as to think it incumbent on him to draw another's blood, or spill his own. What reparation can either one or the other afford for the wrong received? If any blemish is thrown on my character, does my killing my adversary wash it off? If the fact alleged is true, by calling the person to account that alleges it, I do not in the least clear myself. Nay, so far from it, the law, in cases of this nature, affords no mercy to the survivor, where the charge brought against him by the deceased, stands as full as it did before. And if the fact alleged is not true, how is my honor concerned to resent a falshood?

I am very far from encouraging the bully, or the coward: The one ought to be avoided, and the other despised. Justice, in all occurrences of life, should be the standard of a gentleman's actions. This rule should hold good in regard of affronts and resentment for them. Must I endeavor to destroy my fellow-creature, because he is not of the same opinion with me? Must an unguarded word, or an inadvertent action, be put in balance with his life, or mine?—These principles are owing to false bravery, to fantastic laws of mistaken honor, to which a gentleman is no wise obliged to conform; and he may, I think, without derogating from his dignity, refuse a challenge. If he is attacked, it will be time enough to shew by his behavior he did not refuse the challenge through fear, but principle.

With respect to an officer in the army, he is under an indispensable obligation to refuse, rather than accept a challenge. Does not his pay lay him under a positive tie to preserve, as well as devote his life, whenever the defence, or service of his country requires it? May not his life and courage be looked upon as the right and property of those that pay him? How then can he answer for the throwing away, or risking, what in justice belongs to another? If this reasoning be true, he acts more according to the duty he lays himself under by accepting a commission, who refuses a challenge, than he who receives one. These are the true sentiments of honor.

No gentleman that reflects, can ascribe any extraordinary merit to himself, merely because he dares point his sword at another's breast, or receive that of another pointed at his; since the meanest soldier in the army, for a few cents a-day, enters on a much severer trial of courage, and faces ten times the danger of a private duel: Shall then the highest esteemed honor of the gentleman, be exceeded by the mercenary bravery of a common soldier?

I forbear to mention those kind of high-mettled heroes, that are ready to knock a man down for a look, or a gesture, which their QUIXOTISM construes into a designed affront. How many lives have been exposed for women the very combatants despise? I never hear any of these *Amadis's* mentioned, but they remind me of those extravagant lovers in Spain, who blend religion and gallantry together. These inamorato's, attended with all the pomp and show of devotion, make the tour of the great square in Madrid, in the most solemn manner: round which, are balconies and scaffolds, crouded with females. In their hands they carry a great discipline; their shoulders and backs are uncovered. As they are prepossessed with the chimerical notion, that the more blood they draw at every lash, the more amiable they appear in their mistresses eyes; they take particular care as they approach the objects of their passion, to redouble the force and number of their blows.

I will dismiss this subject with a bon mot of Henry the IVth of France, on reading the following ostentatious inscription on the monument of a Spanish officer:—"Here lies the body of Don ——, &c. &c. who never knew what fear was." *Then*, said that prince humorously, *he never snuffed a candle with his fingers.*

A M U S I N G.

A GRAND DISCOVERY.

Doctor FAUSTUS to Doctor QUILLDRIVER, and HOCUS FOCUS, learned professors of Arithmetic—Sendeth Greeting:—

AS it hath pleased your profound and scientific geniuses, in the plenitude of your sublime erudition, to question my judgment in medicine, and the propriety of administering Peruvian Bark; because (as you say) it gets into the bones, and, by poisoning them, corrodes, moulders and rots those very essential pillars of the human frame, so that the whole superstructure must of necessity fall to the ground: As you have condescended to meddle with my business, I may sure be so pragmatical as to take the liberty of dabbling a bit in your trade: and behold how I detect your errors, your shameful abuses and scandalous impositions. I have detected a gross mistake in your system, and if government have the politeness to grant me a patent, I have the vanity to believe it the reward of merit.

Caitiffs how long have you deluded the world? I say, caitiffs how long will you deceive and attempt to mislead mankind?—You say, and you have always said (do not deny it) I say, you say, you have always said, and still say, that two and three make five: nay, you teach, and have persuaded many ignorant, innocent, harmless, unsuspecting youths, that three and two make five.

Now, I say, you are wrong: I say three and two make four: I say you are wrong; you are all fools and know nothing about arithmetic:—In contempt of schools, and learning, and books, and science, and colleges, and college-rules, I say three and two make four.

Vagabonds! how often have you cheated your masters, and your masters' customers, by giving and taking five for four. Scoundrels! you are either knaves, and wish to delude mankind; or fools, and know nothing about addition.

You say bark enters the bones:—I say three and two make four, and as often as you question my medical skill, remember I say three and two make four.

I think now I am just as great a wiseacre as you, and make as good a figure in your trade as you do in mine.

Sutor ne ultra crepidam.

To Correspondents.

O's communication cannot appear in The Hive. We are as decidedly opposed to every species of gambling, as our correspondent; but we are doubtful whether its publication would be attended with any beneficial effects. When men are so far lost to every sense of propriety and decency, as to sit down, on a sabbath evening, to a game of cards; and, when an individual tolerates such abominable proceedings in his house, the idea of their scandalous conduct being made public, would have but little effect on them. No, no, it is all a farce to think a mere publication would remedy such foul practices. —We have LAWS, and if 'O.' is really as much disgusted with *Sunday* gambling as he says he is, let him apply to them.

J. E. unavoidably postponed 'till our next.

POLEMIC SOCIETY.

Lancaster, January 21, 1804.

THE Society met pursuant to adjournment, when the following Question was discussed:—

"*Is it good policy in the United States to continue Negro Slavery?*"

After a lengthy debate, it was unanimously determined in the negative.

Question for Saturday Evening next.

"*Would the Constitution of Pennsylvania be more perfect, if the Senate were abolished?*"

Printing elegantly and promptly executed at *The Hive* office.——*Orders solicited.*

An apprentice wanted to the *Printing Business*, at this office.—He will receive good treatment.

POETRY.

COMMUNICATED FOR THE HIVE.

MAD MARY.

I PAUS'D to hear a wild and plaintive strain,
Which rose complaining on the evening breeze;
"Ah! 'tis poor Mary," said a passing swain,
"Nightly she sings beneath those darksome trees.

"Once she was gladsome, and the fairest maid
That ever bless'd or trod our rural plain;
But by a villain Mary was betray'd:
She never laugh'd—she never smil'd again.

"Sad, ruin'd maid! she loves to be alone,
She flies and hides her sorrow in the wood;
That there unnotic'd she may pour her moan,
And give indulgence to her wayward mood.

"Oft have I seen her climb the hillock's height,
And sit and murmur o'er the brawling stream;
Oft have I seen her at the dead of night,
Rove wet with due & watch the moon's pale beam.

"I've seen her with a willow bind her head,
And twine her robe of white with wreaths of green;
Ah! sir, I fear that Mary's wits have fled—
So chang'd is she from what she once has been."

The swain pass'd on—Excited by this tale,
I stood and listened to Mad Mary's lay;
Her accents wafted on the mournful gale,
Were these—I wrote them by the lunar ray:—

"Henry has left me—left me all alone,
Left me to struggle in this world of woe;
His heart was harder than this mossy stone,
His love was colder than the winter's snow.

"Poor Mary's sad. The world cares not for me;—
A crazy bark I am, toss'd by the wave.
My cruel Henry, whither dost thou flee?
Return and weep o'er Mary's early grave.

"Once I was fair, for Henry told me so:
The village clowns turn'd after me and gaz'd;
But now their fingers mock me as I go,
They pity me, and say that I am craz'd.

"Perhaps 'tis so—and why should I complain?
These tatter'd garments and this tangled hair;
An eye that rolls in wildness and in pain,
May well to all a phrenzied state declare.

"Far from the hated world, then let me fly,
Throw o'er me woods your deep and friendly shade;
Expose me not to man's insulting eye,
And let no footstep on my haunts invade.

"Ye dews of night descend upon my breast,
And quench its raging and consuming flame!
Come lingering death and give poor Mary rest:
In thy embraces let me hide my shame."

[We have seldom seen Domestic Happiness portrayed in such charming and inviting colours, as in the subsequent verses:—]

HOME.

WHEN Evening flings her dusky shade,
O'er days departing close;
When labor drops the *pen* or *spade*,
For pleasure or repose.

With hasty step, and gladsome heart,
I seek my much-lov'd home;
A cot that boasts no builder's art,
An unaspiring dome:—

Yet there the virtues, with their train
Of social joys resort;
There health, and peace, and freedom reign,
Fair exiles from a court.

When heard the scrapings of my feet,
What transports stir within!
Affection pipes her welcomes sweet,
A pleasing, tuneful din.

My children fly to share my kiss,
A little artless group!
There, centred is a mother's bliss,
And all a father's hope.

My loving partner in her turn,
Anticipates desire;
And oft, as if it would not burn,
She trims the blazing fire.

Officiously she now displays
The dish and cleanly platter;
And when excuse for ought she prays,
Contentment cries, "no matter,"

Thus round the soul endearment twines,
With stronger, faster hold;
Yes, Hymen's lamp still brighter shines,
And charms still new unfold.

As thus connubial pleasures rise,
To gild my dear abode;
To heaven I lift my grateful eyes,
And thank a bounteous God.

I OWE YOU ONE.

HARRY came to me last week,
But I bade the rogue begone;
With his lips he touch'd my cheek,
For, said he, "I owe you one."

Then he call'd me love and dear,
And my shoulder lean'd upon;
With a box, though, in the ear,
"Sir," cried I, "I PAY you one."

Acting then the lover's part,
How the fellow's tongue ran on—
Swearing he had lost his heart,
And of course, "I ow'd him one."

Then he paid me double price,
For no bounds his raptures knew—
Kissing once, and kissing twice,
"Oh," said he, "I owe you two."

HUMORIST.

LEVITY.

"These delights, if thou canst give,
"FUN, with thee, I wish to live."

IN every grave and metaphisical essa
which I have ever perused, on wit and luc
crous composition, all the tribe of reasoner
from John Locke, to Dr. Beattie and D
Campbell, seem in the main to agree, th
wit lies in putting ideas together, where
can be found any *resemblance* or *congru*
—A more modern metaphysician, acute
adds, by way of comment, that the resem
blance must be pointed out between thing
usually esteemed the *most discordant*, whic
contemplated separately, would lead th
mind into the most opposite trains of thin
ing: for the quick transition of thought
what causes your merriment. Whatev
may be thought of solidity, or the ingenu
of the above theories, the following artic
from a foreign miscellany, must provok
smile in despite of its violation of all rul
and even of common sense.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.

At the World's End, the Essex side
Gravesend,

To be Sold at Auction, by W. Neversell,

On Monday the 32d instant—the sale to beg
at ten o'clock, in the afternoon.

Lot 1. A copper cart saddle, a leathe
handsaw, two woollen frying-pans, and
glass wheelbarrow.

Lot 2. Three pair of pea straw breeche
a china quart cart, and two glass bedstead
with copper hangings.

Lot 3. One deal coal grate, with pape
smoke jack, a mahogany poker, and a pa
of gauze bellows.

Lot 4. One leather tea-kettle, an iron fe
ther bed, six pair of brass boots, and a sle
night cap.

Also, one pewter waistcoat, and three fla
wigs; a bell metal sieve, and a calima
hog trough; a buckskin warming pan, an
a pewter looking glass; a japan beetle, an
a leather wedge; three silk hog yokes, an
a pinch-beck swill tub; four sheepskin mil
pails, and a wheat straw trammel; a lamb
skin grindstone, and a muslin hatchet;
pair of pewter pudding bags, and a canvas
gridiron; a dimity coal scuttle, and three
sattin chamber pots; a woollen timber chain
and a brass cart rope.

LANCASTER, (Penn.)
PRINTED BY
CHARLES M'DOWELL,
AT THE SIGN OF THE 'BEE-HIVE,' A FEW DOORS
EAST OF THE LEOPARD TAVERN, IN
EAST KING-STREET.